

there. And I heard the ring of a shod hoof on a stone."

"Tinker's. Turned out to grass," said Malachi, with contempt.

Mr. Sampson still stood listening. The whole world seemed to be at its leisure and he a part of it. The drumming of the little hoofs grew closer. Malachi fidgeted, any sound or smell of horses being to him as nettles on the flesh. Mr. Sampson wondered if it were worth his while to go and look over the wall at the stampede of a few ponies, and decided it wasn't.

The ponies swerved and shot thundering down the length of the wall. That quick dull beat of hoofs on grass is one of the wildest sounds in the world, and something not born of philosophy stung in Mr. Sampson's veins. He had not moved. He was still standing with one arm in the sleeve of his only coat, when——

Just outside the wall there was an oath, flung suddenly as a stone in a puddle—an oath, a snort, a scramble, a break in the verse of the galloping. Then the hoofs swept on, and in an instant the trees had taken them again, hidden them, muffled them to an echo, to a dream, to silence. And over the wall shot the body of a man, as though he had been fired from a siege-gun. He fell very neatly into the nearer